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#### A Kentucky Anecdote. THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

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attend the prominent barbecues; and this was especially the case in the contest between Mr. Breckenridge and General Combs, in 1840. Out of these affairs grow the authentic story of the pleest widow in the blue-grass region.

General Peyton. The general had looked upon his blooded horse Powhattan-"The finest horse, sir, in the blue grass region."

It was customary in former days fo

all the ladies of the best families to

The pretty Mrs. Fauntleroy had been a widow more than a year; while the general, having a great regard for etiquette, had waited patiently for that time to elapse, to declare himself. But the widow, with her woman's art, kept her lover at bay, and yet kept him in her train.

He had escorted her to this barbecue, when returning had expressed his satisfaction at the prospects of General Combs, and the success of the Whig

The widow took sides with the Democracy, and offered to wager her blooded saddle horse, Gipsey, or anything else on her place, against Pow- theroy's yard, and having tied him, had hattan, or anything else she might fancy on the general's place.

The general's gallantry would not allow him to refuse the wager, which he famous horse, Pawhattan promptly accepted. By this time they had reached the north Fork of Elkhorn, and were about to ford it (bridges were AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON | not plenty in those days,) when John Peyton, the general's only son and heir came up at a sharp gait behind them.

The widow turned and bowed to John, and rode on into the stream, but a little behind her companion. The east bank was very steep, and required the horses to put forth nearly all their strength to reach the top with their anything else on the place, was it not?"

As luck would have it, good or ill, the widow's girth broke when just at the commencement of the steep part. The lady, still seated on her saddle, slid swiftly back into the water, while her ing. "Your son John; if he would but horse went up the bank like an arrow.

John Peyton leaped from his horse, and in an instant caught the floating lady and saddle, and, before the general had recovered from his astonishment was at the top of the bank with his burden. The little widow was equal to the occasion, for she begged the general to ride on and stop her horse, which in the mishap, and was beginning to increase his gait toward home.

The general did as he was bid, and soon returned with the horse. In the meantime John Peyton had secured his own horse, and when the general came back with the widow's horse she and John were laughing merrily over the ridiculous accident but what further passed between them is only known to

John Peyton repaired the broken girth, fastened the saddle again on the horse, placed the lady in her seat, bade her good evening, mounted his horse, and taking another road down the Elkhorn, rode rapidly home, leaving the general to escort the widow

entertained his fair companion with ponderous anecdotes of Mr. Clay and travel, a pair of saddle-bags and legother famous public men ; but when he gings." reached the Fauntleroy place, he accepted the lady's invitation to dismount and take tea with her.

After having changed her wet cloth ing the pretty widow entertained her guest with her brightest smiles, and some new songs. The general was delighted, and expressed his delight as Kentucky gentlemen of that day would do. "You are the finest songstress, madam, in the blue grass region."

When he bid her good-night and shook hards with her on the porch, the wicked little widow gave his hand a little squeeze, only a little, but it thrilled like an electric shock through his great, ponderous frame, while she hughingly reminded him of his wager. That night in his dreams, the little Widow Fauntleroy was repeated so often,

Louisville, and before his return the hold goods the sheriff had left them and friend.

C. Breckenridge, the young Democrat,

was elected to Congress. General Peyton was both astonished and indignant. "Mr. Clay's district sir, the finest Congressional district in the blue-grass region, has disgraced itself, sir." was almost his first remark to his neighbor, Colonel Beaufort.

To his sou, John he communicated tleroy to adorn the head of his table.

"Sir, she is the finest lady in the blue grass region, and I hope, sir, you will always respect your future mother."

John with a quiet smile, assured him that he was pleased with his choice This pleased the general highly, for he had been a little afraid John would object to a step-mother younger than him.

The next morning the general ordered Powhattan brought out, and led over to Mrs. Fauntleroy's. Calling John, he tion and high breeding. requested him to call upon Mrs. Faun-

"The Whig party has disgraced itself in Mr. Clay's district, sir, and I am ed horse in the State to pay my wager with that lady, sir."

The black boy had led Powhattan to the hitching rail in front of Mrs. Faungone into the quarters to tell his colored brothers and sisters of their mistress's had, perhaps, never met before. great good luck in having won the

When General Peyton and John arrived they found the pretty widow admiring Powhattan.

"Madam," said the general to Mrs. Faunt'eroy. "I have come like a true Kentucky gentleman, to pay the wager I have lost. Powhattan, madam, is rightfully yours." "But, General, I believe the wager

was conditional. It was the horse or "Madam, you are correct; but I can-

animal here," replied the widow, blush- him from his last breakfast.

The general rose and in his blandest manner, bade the ladies good morning. To John he said :

"Sir, you will remain." daughter in law her practical joke. In

after years he used to say : "Sir, she is the finest lady in the blue grass region, but she lacks taste sir."

### An Interesting Incident.

It was twenty-five years ago. A gentleman-this time, in fact, "a solitary horsemau"-was on his way back to old Virginia, to revisit the home of his

His father had moved to Kentucky from the "Mother of States," and set tled in Todd county a few years before. His eldest son, at the period mentioned, had just attained his majority; and being presented with, perhaps, his first horse. handsomely caparisoned he set out across the mountains of Eastern Ken-It is not necessary to relate how he | tucky, on horeback, provided with the necessary adjuncts of that mode of

This was before the era of railroads in Kentucky, and hence the young gentleman did not suffer the tedium one would experience on such a journey-for going and coming, not only horsemen but wagons, buggies, carriages, etc., relieved the monitory, and furnished a number of these triffing incidents to "solitary horsemen" generally. These were then the only modes of travel over that routeand long wagon trains of families, and even whole neighborhoods, setting West,

While crossing the mountains, one evening, a few miles beyond the Virginia border, he came face to face with a spectacle which was in all respects pitiable and distressing. Sitting on the road side was a man with his wite and two or three children, whose woeand in so many bewitching forms, that begone and squalid appearance indicated he resolved to propose to her at their not only poverty, but almost absolute West. Having become completely bank- can forget you." The next morning a letter from his rupt in Virginia by some sudden failure, tobacco factor called General Peyton to they had gathered up what little housepolitical contest in the Asbland district started for Kentucky. The two skele- plied, "of young here,"

was over; and, wonderful to relate, John ton frames of horses hich were used C. Breckenridge, the young Democrat, for drawing their little stores of plunder were energetically endeavoring to extract sustenance "by the skin of their teeth" from the barren soil, as the young man rode up.

SATURDAY MORNING. AUGUST 24, 1872.

As he drew the reins for a moment's chat with this "beggarly account" he was saluted by the "head" with the Masonie sign, which, being himself a his intention of bringing Mrs. Faun- Mason, he at once recognized and returned. The poor husband and father thus meeting the first friend he had seen since leaving home, poured out his story-begat a lively interest-revealing else. as it did, a tale of misfortune without crime. The young man was soon impressed with the fact that, notwithstand ing outside appearances were decidedly against his "brother," he was not only a remarkably bright Mason, but a gentleman of excellent manners, good educa-

"When I tell you that my poor wife and children have scarcel eaten enough to keep them alive, for three days, you will excuse these unmarky tears," soid compelled to part with the finest blood- he, weeping freely as he gazed at the

The young traveler was himself moved to tears, and could not doubt his own eyes, though the picture was one he had expected to meet, and one which he

He at once handed the unfortunate husband and father \$20, knost the last cent of money he had-retaining only sufficient to take him to the end of his and two young lady friends in the yard journey by a scant allowance-not caring to keep any to return on. The stranger insisted on receiving only \$5. trusting to Providence for enough to complete his journey to this part of Kentucky whither he was moving ; but the young man's heart was too large not to have given five times that amount if he had been able. Bes as he him-self relates it) his eyes filled with tears, as did those of the father and mother. not permit you to select on inferior while the poor, hungry children literally devoured the fragments of a lunch which "You have another and superior the young Samaritan had brought with

Amid the tears and blessings of the use his tongue. I thick I shall choose little circle, the kind-hearted stranger rode off, thanking God that it had been in his power to bestow so much happiness and so opportunely.

Years passed by and the incident was about forgotten, when the benevolent General Peyton never forgave his young gentleman received a letter, inclosing a \$20 bill, gratefully recalling the circumstance above related, announcing that the family had reached their destination in Southwestern Kentucky. making money and living happily.

Almost another decade, including i its whirl and turmoil the bloody story of the great civil war, had once more about shut out all memory of the occurrence, when the hero of the story, now long since grown to man's estates and become distinguished in the political history of Kentucky, was elected to the Lower House of the Legislature. His talents and influence were such that, with but little difficulty, he was elected Speaker of the House. During the contest over the Speakership, he had noticed that a stranger-and a member of the opposition-was one of his most active ipporters Meeting a few days of a

the accomplished speaker remarked. "Mr .- I have been curious to know why you were among my warmest friends during the election-doing all you could for me. I never met you be fore in my life-you very name is unknown to me-we are opposed in poli tics-and, while thanking you kindly for your partiality, I have enough of the woman in me to insist on knowing why it was so "

"Sir," replied the member, "You will recall, when I mention it, a little scene that occurred when you were a boy on your way to Virginia (relating it.) It was you who saved my wife from starvation. She has told me time and again that never did a morsel of food taste so sweet-so utterly delicious, as that you gave her then. She was but six years old at that time; but when she saw among the prominent probable candidates for the Speakership she 'laid down the law' as to how I was to vote. This

"I have a great love for old hymns, said a pretty girl to her masculine

### A Pretty Good Story.

In one of our Southern seaboard cities, and on a long street-almost a roadleading there from to the country, dwells an apothecary, a very tall and remarkably slender person-so thin, in fact, that one would suppose he fed exclusively on his own professional mixtures. No tailor dare venture to cut a coat or any other garment in any way approaching a snug fit to his person, for fear of having the work returned on his hands. whole heart to the young stranger. His and in that case they would fit nobody

And yet, with this extraordinary paucity of flesh, there was a great supply of humor in our hero; he was extravagantly fond of practical jokes, and practised them freely, when occason and opportunity offered. He had an electric machine secluded from sight, and when any lazy person sauntered into his shop, and ventured to indulge in a nap or lounge, he was sure to be shocked into activity, and and pushed off. He was a great advocate for temperance, and yet was ready to furnish gratis a brimming little hungry innocents clinging around glass of any sort of liquor a customer, might fancy; his liquor was found invariably to produce more nausea than any ther sensation.

But a contrivance which afforded him nost merriment was a skeleton of a full grown person in a closet of easy access in his shop. This skeleton was placed erect on a platform which ran on smooth wheels; and wheathe door was opened, this platform was pulled forward by an anseen thin wire or string, which connected it with the bolting of the closet loor. There were also similar wires, fastened to the wall behind the skeleton, and passing over each shoulder-bone were attached to the bones of the wrist. Consequently, when the closet door was opened, the platform on which the skeleon stood not only advanced, but both arms and hands were lifted upward!

If any intoxicated, noisy, boisterous, r impudent fellow came into his shop, the anothecary would manage in some way to lead him to open that door; and it rarely failed (as he used to say) "to t ke the liquor and the spunk out of him. He had two or three apprenticed lads in his employ, who naturally relished these jokes, and practiced them, with his full consent, when he might be ab

One day during his temporary abscence sailor came drifting along occasionlly stopping and dancing a jig and inging, to the great merriment of a gang of boys who followed and surrounded him. He was just drunk enough to play the fool, but not too drunk to navigate He eventually brought up at the door of ur apothecary, and bracing himself in he door way, yelled out :

"Hellow, my hearties! here you are with your stuffed aligators and gallipot and mixins for six-folks! Why the devil don't you keep grez for tuff folks ike me," and here he shuffled off a rigaloor, and made himself very merry.

"Well, Jack," said one of the lads What kind of grog do you want?" "I'll take brandy," was the prompt

"Very well; go and help yourself; handing him a tin mag ) "you will find in that closet."

Jack went as directed, and putting pen the closet door, he found himself within grasping distance of an advancing skeleton; he incontinently fell back step dropped his tin cup, turned ash olor, made one spring to the door, and when he reached the street took the middle of it, and ran like a deer until e reached a supposed safe distance.

Shortly after this our apothecary reurned, and being informed of the event was greatly amused, but sadly lamented is absence.

"I would not have missed seeing it, aid he, "for a great deal. I do wonder if he will come back this way?"

But this was not probable, and yet it as the only way back to town. In the course of a few hours, how

ver, sure enough, Jack was heard at a distance on his way back, singing and your name, during the late canvass, dancing. Our apothecary, anticipating an encore, went out on his door steps, and elevating his thin person, and extending his long emaciated arm is all. Neither she nor her father and and hand, very kindly beckoned sixteen miles from Tocoi to St. Augusfirst meeting, nor did he dream that he starvation. It was a poor family moving mother, brother and sisters, nor myself Jack to repeat his visit. Jack time,) where the happy maxim rules no sooner saw him than he "put his the other side of the street, buttoning semi-occasionally where the newspaper stopped, but finally added-"takes me his tarpole hat closer on his head, so as where telegraphs are unknown.

## to be ready for a run if chase was to be

"Ay-yey, old bag of bones," says Jack; "there you are again, are you? You think I don't know you, now you've got your clothes on !" and away he went on his course, leaving our apothecary rather puzzled in deciding which of the two got the sharpest end of that joke .

#### Ticklish Table Talk.

An amusing case happened at one of our leading hotels recently, in which although the party claiming to have in jured was not at all interested, goes to how "what might have been." A gentleman connected with a prominent bankng house in this city, going to rather a ate dinner, found at one of the tables where he occupies a seat, two young gentleman in all the glories of new ready-made clothes, and who had evidently come in from some flourishing country city for the purposs of having a limited good time. Their conversation was principally upon the conquests they had, or fancied they had made. Suddenly No. 1 broke out ;

"O, Frank, you remember about that Mrs. Mason, that we read about in the papers t'other day ?"

"Well, yes; why?" "Sent my card to her last night." "No, did ye though ?"

"Did, for a fact. She came down nto the parlor, and we had quite a chat. She's gay."

"Oh, you rascal."

Then followed sundry words, winks, and further conversation, in which the name of the lady did not appear to great advantage as a loving and faithful wife At this juncture the banking gentle man looked up, and with an air of one injured, mixed with one of settled, stern but mild ferocity, said;

"It is perhaps my duty, gentlemen, before this thing goes any further' to inform you that the hely whose name you are using with such gross familiary is my wife."

This was a percussion shell, and silence reigned for the space of a few secon's One of the young fellows turned pale while the other assumed a roseate iue. Then they exchanged colors, and stammered out some half-uttered words

"Yes," continued the gentleman "and I have always supposed that some little eccentricities of my wife would not be taken advantage of, or subject her eith er to rude conduct or outrageous insults. I have the right to demand an apolo-

The waiter coming up at that moment asked them what they would have for dessert. With a sickly smile one of them fixed his eyes upon frozen custard while the other was entirely absorbed

Then they said they guessed they didn't care about anything more, and sneaked toolishly out.

When the banker came out, he found them in the hall, looking as if they had just been engaged in settling a delicate question. One advanced and said: That was all confounded nonsense, you know."

"What was nonsense?"

"Why, bout my having an interview with your wife. Just got it up as a joke on Frank I am sorry for it."

He was then read a severe lesson by a man who had never seen the lady in question in his life, and told that hereafter he should be extremely cautious how he allowed his tongue to wag in such an unlicensed manner. And why should he not?

An editor down East lately killed a lady in his paper. The bereaved husband visited him. "Villian," cried the enraged husband, 'you have killed my wife!" Editor, with dignity: Sir, I am an editor, not a doctor." "That's just it," creid the bereaved husband: "you have killed her on paper, and she's alive. "If she is not dead, I congratulate you" "Congratulate? I demand damages for disapointment."

THE LAND OF FLOWERS .- A traveller in Florida writes: This is the land where towns consist of one house, where steamboats make eight miles an hour (on my honor, they are four hours going

EXCUSED FOR CAUSE .- Capt. Ton Bugbee was out with his company on detached duty. In fact, he had two companies under his command. He had with him a small brass Napolean and an ambulance. Captain Tom was a strict disciplinarian, but a convivial fellow withal, and fond of creature comforts. not many of which were obtainable in the wild country through which he was marching. The column has just left she small hamlet of Jasper's Cross-Roads below Jacksonville, when the Captain observed that one of his drums was not beating, and he directed a Lientenant to inquire the cause. The Lieutenant sought the delinquent, and demanded to know why he was not brating time. The

ed into the officer's ear-"I've got a pair of roasted chickens and two bottles af whiskey is my drum. and a chick and a bottle are for the Cap-

fellow nodded mysteriously, and whisper-

The Lieutenant returned, and in whispered tone, reported to the Cap-

"Zounds!" cried Captain Tom with vehement sympathy, "why didn't the poor drummer tell us that his legs had given out? I don't wan't men to march if they're lame like that. Put him in the ambulance sir!"

The drummer was consigned to the ambulanbe and not long after Capt. Tom and the Lieutenant went to examine more particulars into the nature of his

From the New York Star: "Yesterday a young man, bearing the exhilarating cognomen of Joseph D. Drunk, was arraigned at the Essex Market Police Court, before Justice Scott, for throwing rubbish in the street. Justice, to the prisoner: Joseph D. Drunk. Justice : Is that your right name.

Prisoner: Yes, sir.

Justice: You ought to be locked up for having such a name. Prisoner: Why so, your Honor. Justice: Because you shouldn't be

Prisoner: I never was drunk in my life, sir, though I've been Drunk as long as I can remember. I am not drunk

ow, though I am Drunk Justice: You're a living paradox. You may go this time, Mr. Drunk."

THEIR HEARTS .-- During the late eivil war it was considered necessary in lynthiana to keep a few soldiers at that place. One night two of them happened to stray into the church of the colored people just as the minister was concluding an invitation to any one who was inclined to "come in and join the church." After he had finished, these two soldiers got up, walked forward, and presented themselves for admission,

whereupon the preacher said. "Breddren, dis is a cullud church, and I dunno as I's any 'thority to take in white folks."

At this point an elderly uncle rose in he congregation, and ejaculated :

"Take 'em in brudder Jilson, take em in; dar skins is white, dat's fact, but dar hearts is jis as black as our'n. suah."

A couple of young ladies in New Haven lately visited the Sheriff's office. in his absence, and one of them sale a pair of patent spring handcuffs on the desk, concluded to try them on. When the treacherous cuffs had closed on her wrists with a spring, she learned to her dismay, that the key used to unlock the "bracelets," was in the sheriff's pocket, and that he was out of the city. It was not until a gallant youth had hunted un a detective officer who carried a duplicate key, that the young lady could be released from her self imprisonment.

A vulture it is said can fly one hundred and fifty-nine miles an hour, wild geese, ninty miles an hour, the common crow, twenty five miles, and swallows, ninty miles. It said that a falcon was discovered at Malta, twenty-four hours after the departure of King Henry IV., of France from Fontainebleau. If true this bird must have flown for twenty four at the rate of fifty seven wiles an hour, not allowing him to rest for a moment during the whole time.

A Judge, in remanding a criminal called him a scoundrel. The prisoner "never do to-day what you can put off replied: "Sir, I am not as big a scounhelm hard a port," and sheered over to till to morrow," where the mail comes drel as you; honor"-here the culprit his jacket over his breast, and passing is almost as rare as a snow storm, and to be" "Put your words closer together," said the judge.

# Convenient to the Greenville and Charleston

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